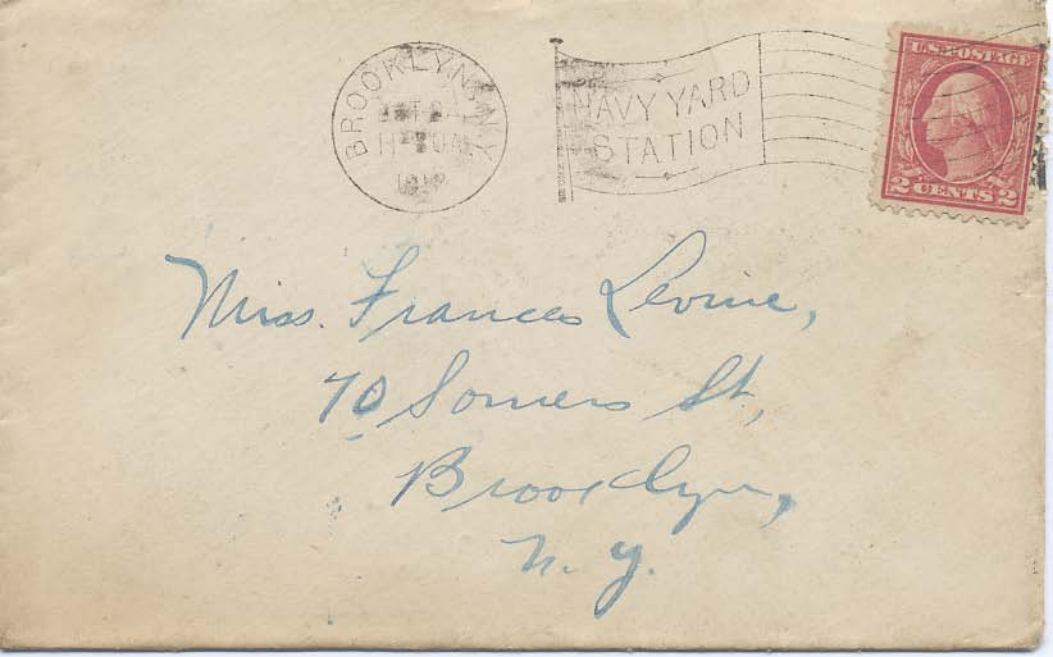

Oct. 24th, 1917.

My Darling Loot:

Received your welcome some lid. Feel sore at you for staying up late that night when you promised me you would go to bed early. Don't dare we do that again, hear?

Spoke to the sergeant about that supper & he said he certainly will come. I told him that it will be at my mother's-in-law's house, as

my wife couldn't possibly make such a large muffler, as yet. He said he will be there Tuesday or Wednesday, or whenever you care to have it.

Got up at 5 30 this morning. Sure slept soundly. How about you. Rose will be in to see you, to-night.

Got to go to work now, with all my love to my sweet, little Lost,

Lovingly,

Jo.